O "good little boy," I understand now what made you like so much, later on, *Jude the Obscure.* Even more than your gifts as a writer, than your sensitivity, than your intelligence, how much I admire that wondering application which was but one form of your love!

We leave.

And during the whole return trip I think of that article which I had promised him to write, that I was getting ready to write, on the appearance of his book, which Fasquelle is to publish any moment now—that article which he was waiting for. I fix the various points in my mind.

Philippe's death cannot make me exaggerate my praise in any regard; at most by bending me more sadly over that stirring figure and by allowing me to study him better (in the papers he left behind), it will strengthen my admiration by sharpening the contours.

Some people only half knew him because they saw only his pity, his affection, and the exquisite qualities of his heart; with that alone he could not have become the wonderful writer that he was. A great writer meets more than one requirement, answers more than one doubt, satisfies various appetites. I have only moderate admiration for those who cannot be seen from all sides, who appear deformed when looked at from an angle. Philippe could be examined from all sides; to each of his friends, of his readers, he seemed very unified; yet no two of them saw the same Philippe. And the various praises addressed to him may well be equally justified, but each one taken alone does not suffice. He has in him the wherewithal to disorient and surprise—that is to say, the wherewithal to endure.

* * *

30 December

Jammes's vanity.

Annoys me like the upsetting of an equilibrium; like something lacking; is permitted him only by an utter ignorance of everything that is not himself. Paying attention to what is not oneself he calls discussing; and naturally he hates *discussion.* Schwob having rashly told him one day that *Jean de Noarrieu* seemed to him more beautiful than *Hermann and Dorothea,* Jammes concluded from this that he is greater than Goethe. The idea never came to him for an instant that those who risk such a comparison consider *Jean de Noarrieu* as Janunes's best work; and what is *Hermann and Dorothea* in Goethe's work? However perfect the poem may be, suppress it and the total work is hardly diminished at all.

"Jean de Noarrieu" writes Jammes, "even though I never tried to embody any philosophy in it, is in Schwob's opinion, as well as in my own, superior to *Hermann and Dorothea*— although I have never had the courage to read that work of Goethe,"